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ISSUE 6 of 6
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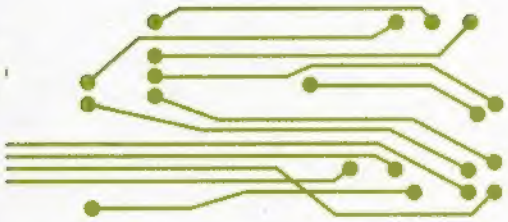

S.C.I. SPY

Version 1.6

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Excerpt from Motherbank's Priority Files
Priority Command Alpha

< Still no contact from Sebastian Starchild, Isis Nile and the other S.C.I. Spy agents from within the Wormhole. (see supplementary file: Wormhole: kjf@-mothbank.wormhole-fysd.tro[054.098.122])

Regardless of the outcome of Starchild's mission, preparations must be made to defend the Arcturus System (see supplementary file: Arcturus System: rlyd-mothbank.arcturus-xb04.mx [172.20.105.105]) from a possible catastrophic invasion from the Xenos. (see supplementary file: Xeno: uit¥-mothbank.xenos hhd53-kf [273.890.105])

Contact and assemble all existing defense systems and remaining S.C.I. Spy agents immediately, initiate emergency protocols and begin relocation of the Motherbank hard drive.

Priority Command Alpha
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BLACK AND CHAXX--CHECK YOUR GUTS!
TIME TO SEE THIS THING THROUGH!
CHUN CHUN CHUN
GOTTA HOLD OFF THESE XENOS --AND STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO PLUG THIS DAMN EYEBALL INTO THE SHIP'S CORE!
GIVEN HINDSIGHT, CHAXX-PRIME, I DO BELIEVE OUR MASTER PLAN MAY HAVE BEEN LESS THAN MASTERLY.
INDEED, IT IS NOW LIKELY THAT WE CHOSE THE WRONG SIDE--IN WHAT CAN ONLY BE CONSIDERED A TACTICAL BLUNDER.
AND A BLUNDER, SHADOW BLACK, OF COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS --BUT AT THE TIME, WHO KNEW?
PART SIX
INVASION

YOU HEAR ME?! WE'RE BURNING A SHORT FUSE!
THIS SHIP'S ALREADY INSIDE THE WORMHOLE--AND ITS XENO CREW IS HIGHLY PISSED!
"MY AGENTS CAN OCCUPY ONLY SO MANY OF THEM--"
--AND HERE COME A WHOLE LOT MORE--
--SWARMING THIS SIDE OF THE CORE-PILLAR!
NOW ARE YOU TWO WORMS READY TO TURN OR NOT?! ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ORB COVER ME WHILE I SET THE EYEBALL-BOMB, OR ARE YOU JUST GOING TO--
SHUT UP, S.C.I.-SPY--WE'RE DISCUSSING IT!
2

MUCH AS I DESPISE MOTHERBANK AND THE INNER WORLDS, CHAXX...
RIGHT--OUR ERSTWHILE XENO ALLIES ARE PROBABLY WORSE, HELLBENT ON EXTERMINATING ALL THE ARCTURAN WORLDS, INNER AND OUTER...
"PLUS THE INHUMAN BASTARDS ARE UGLY AS SIN."
YOU SHOULD TALK --BUT WE'RE AGREED? SELLING OUT THE HUMAN RACE WAS A MISTAKE?
NOPE... BUT UNDERESTIMATING THE HUMAN RACE SURE AS HELL WAS.
"JUST LOOK AT STARCHILD'S ABENTS --DYING IN SCREAMING DROVES, BUT NEVER SAYING DIE."
WE HOMO SAPS ARE INDEED HIGHLY MOTIVATED MOTHERFUCKERS.
NOT TO MENTION MEAN.
SO LET'S PROVE IT, CHAXX!
WITH GONZO GUSTO, BLACK!

NYAAAHRRR!
FINALLY.
JUST PLANT THE DAMN BOMB IN THE DAMN PILLAR, SEBASTIAN, AND LET'S--
DON'T SWEAT IT, ORB...
SUCK PARBEAMS, XENO SCUM!
LAP IT UP, YOU HEINOUS BASTARDS!
AHN!
NFF!
THESE BURN-POCKS ARE JUST THE RIGHT SIZE--
--TO SOCKET THE EYEBALL.
ALL RIGHT, BLACK AND CHAXX--THE BOMB'S PLANTED!
LET'S-- eh?
NEVER MIND.

WELL, ORB, I SUPPOSE THAT WAS SOME KIND OF REDEMPTION.
YEAH, THE GOOEY KIND.
ALL AGENTS!
THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE OUR HEADS--
NOT WHEN THE ISIS-BOT'S ALREADY GOT IT COVERED...
SO LISTEN UP!
ODDS ARE, WE'RE ASS-DEEP IN A SUICIDE MISSION--BUT I SAY WE FIGHT TO THE LAST NANOSECOND!
I'M WITH STARCHILD!
THEN CLIMB BACK INTO THE BOT AND GET OUR SUITS!
ALL RIGHT, START SHOVING 'EM OUT--FAST!
LET'S GO!
SUIT UP AND FALL BACK IN FIGHTING RETREAT!
TO WHERE?

"WITH SUITS, WHERE DO YOU THINK?"
WHOA.
SO THIS IS WHAT A WORMHOLE-GUT LOOKS LIKE...
"TO THE NEAREST DECK ACCESS!"
FRACTAL... AND FREAKY.
BACK HERE!
YAAHHHH!
THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME, THE WHOLE FUCKIN' HORDE OF--
SQUID IN A BARREL-- BUT THEY JUST KEEP SQUIRMIN'!
MORE OF 'EM--FROM THAT HATCH! AND THAT ONE!
AND OVER THERE TOO!
FALL BACK! AWAY FROM THE HATCHES! FIND COVER!

MOVE IT!
GO, GO, GO!!
LOOK OUT!
XENOS EVERYWHERE, SEBASTIAN!
THEN BLAST EVERY-WHERE, ORB!
KEEP FIGHTING!
STAY ALIVE!

STAY ALIVE FOR WHAT, STARCHILD?!
WHAT'S THE DAMN POINT?!
SHE'S RIGHT--THIS IS A SUICIDE MISSION!
NOT TILL WE'RE DEAD.
FACE IT, STARCHILD--THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF XENOS ABOARD THIS SHIP, AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY OVERRUN US
IT'S INSANE TO FIGHT 'EM ONE BY ONE WHEN WE CAN TAKE THEM ALL OUT!
BUT IT'S NOT INSANE TO HOLD OUT TILL THE END!
EXCEPT THE END OF THE WORMHOLE AIN'T FAR!
WE CAN'T LET THIS SHIP GET THROUGH TO ARCTURUS--AND WE'VE GOTTA PREVENT FUTURE XENO SHIPS FROM EVEN TRYING TO CROSS OVER!

DO IT, STARCHILD--NOW!
I AGREE, SEBASTIAN; IT'S TIME TO HIT THE DETONATOR AND MELT THAT HARD-PLANTED YIRIDIOL EYEBALL...
...LET ITS INTERNAL ANTI-MATTER REACT WITH THE POSITIVE MATTER OF THE SHIP'S CORE TO--
THE PLAN WAS MINE, ORB, AND I UNDERSTAND ITS GOAL--BLOW THIS SHIP TO SHRAPNEL.
...USING THE EXPLOSION TO SEVER AND SEAL THE WORMHOLE--BUT BEFORE THAT, I HOPED SOMEBODY MIGHT GET ANTSY WAITING OUTSIDE THE OTHER END ...MAYBE BRING IN A--
RESCUE SHIP--UP AHEAD!
COMING FROM THE ARCTURUS END--BUT NOT ONE OF THE S.C.I.-SPY FLEET.
IT'S A PERSONAL CRAFT--AND I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE! IT BELONGS TO--

DEET
NILE
VREEB
--THE REAL AGENT ISIS NILE
DEAD-AHEAD LOCK ON MORPHIC RESONANCE FIELDS OF SEBASTIAN STARCHILD AND CADRE OF S.C.I.-SPY AGENTS; NO SIGNAL, HOWEVER, FROM YOUR TESSERACT SIMULACRUM
FUCK THE BOT--AND HANG ONTO YOUR SWEET ASS, STARCHILD!
I'M HAULIN' IT FROM THE FIRE!
BRING IT ON, NILE! TRASH THIS SUICIDE MISSION AND SLAP US WITH A MIRACLE!
OH HELL, ORB--IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
'FRAID SO, SEBASTIAN..
KARRUNK!
XENO FIGHTER CRAFT--RISING TO MEET THE RESCUE SHIP!

OUTPACING THEIR MOTHERSHIP WITH A LEADING EDGE ATTACK!
HATE TO SAY IT, STARCHILD, BUT YOUR NEW FLAME FACES A REAL SHITSTORM
INCOMING ENEMY FIRE OVERWHELMING
MISSION PROGNOSIS DOOMED
SO IT AIN'T GONNA BE EASY.
SO SHUT UP AND LET ME SWEAT THE HARD STUFF!
THERE GOES THE MIRACLE.
NILE DOESN'T HAVE A PRAYER AGAINST THAT.
LIKE HELL SHE DOESN'T-- SHE STILL HAS US!
ALL AGENTS, FORM A SINGLE UNIT! FLANKERS PROTECT THE REST!
THE REST..
BLAST THOSE FRIGGIN' FIGHTERS DOWN!

DON'T STOP! GIVE NILE A CLEAR CORRIDOR TO REACH US!
PROGNOSIS "DOOMED," HUH?
PROGNOSIS REVISED DUE TO UNFACTORED INTERVENTION BY--
THE HUMAN ELEMENT
NOW SHUT UP AND PRIME THE TRACTOR-BEAM FOR A HUGE SCOOP OF SAME.
SHE'S GETTING THROUGH! BUNCH UP AND HOLD TIGHT FOR EVAC!
KEEP BLASTING --HIGH AND LOW!
SUPPRESS THE XENO FIRE FROM BELOW--AND TAKE OUT AS MANY FIGHTER CRAFT AS POSSIBLE!

NO CELEBRATING! IT'S NOT OVER YET!
EVEN WHEN WE'RE ABOARD, THERE'S STILL AN ESCAPE TO NAIL!
NICE SCOOP, NILE--AND ABOUT TIME.
LIKE YOU DON'T CUT IT TO THE WIRE, STAR-CHILD?
ALWAYS BETTER WHEN IT'S THRILLING.
AND BY THE WAY, NICE TO SEE YOUR HEAD AGAIN.
YEAH?
WELL, MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO BASK IN YOUR INCOMPREHENSIBLE COMPLIMENTS.
TEK
..IT'S TIME TO JAM OUR WAY OUT OF HERE
OH HELL, NILE--WE'RE THIS CLOSE TO THE END?
THOUGHT YOU LIKED IT THRILLING
ONLY WHEN YOU CAP THE THRILL WITH A HAPPY ENDING.
NICE TRY ON THE RESCUE, BUT WE'RE OUT OF WORMHOLE ROOM--WITH NO WAY TO OUTDISTANCE THE DETONATION
WE'LL MAKE IT!
NO.
NOT WITH THE RIM DEAD AHEAD--AND THE XENO WARSHIP RIGHT BEHIND.

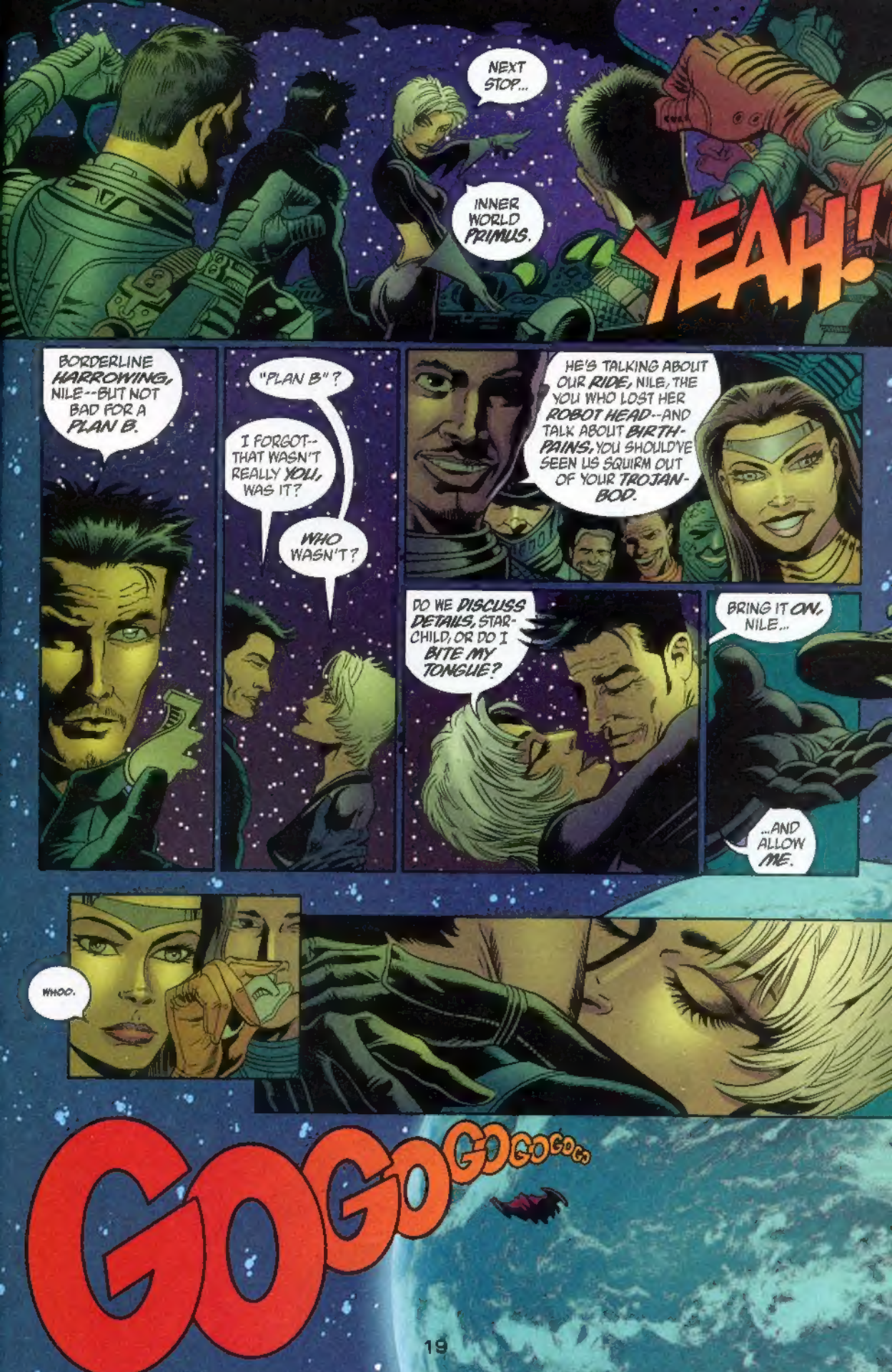
AND DEFINITELY NOT IF WE CAN'T PULL AHEAD.
DAMN SHIP'S PACING US, LOCKED ON OUR TAIL...
AND NO DOUBT PACKED TO THE GUNWALES WITH NANOTECH EATERS, ANTI-MATTER BOMBS, AND A WHOLE HOLOCAUST OF OTHER ALIEN CRAP.
WE CAN'T HOLD OFF ANY LONGER--CAN'T RISK LETTING IT FOLLOW US OUT.
GOTTA DESTROY IT AND CUT THE WORMHOLE WITH THE SAME BIG BANG--EVEN IF IT TAKES US OUT TOO.
YOU PRIMED THE LAZLO EYEBALL?
WITH THE HELP OF THE LATE CHAXX-PRIME AND SHADOW BLACK, NO LESS--AND IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE, NILE
I..GUESS YOU RE RIGHT.
GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
WE'LL GO OUT TOGETHER.
READY?
HELL NO--BUT DO IT
DEE!

KRIZZ
ZRAKT
FHRAAM
BAMHOOOOM
HERE IT COMES, NILE.
REST IN WHATEVER PASSES FOR PEACE.
SCREW THAT, STARCHILD --AND GRAB YOUR ASS!
WHAT--?

SHOCK-WAVE CRESTS AHEAD OF THE HEAT--AT LEAST FOR A WHILE...
MAYBE LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO RIDE THE EXTRA OOMPH OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE MELT.
SHE'S RIGHT, STARCHILD! THE EXPLOSION'S ACTUALLY HELPING--
--CATAPULTING US AHEAD!
YEAH, BUT IS IT ENOUGH--OR IS IT ALREADY TOO LATE?
IT'LL BE PLENTY--OR I'LL GET OUT AND PUSH!
NILE, YOU ARE ONE SWEET PIECE OF WORK.
I HOPE.
WORMHOLE'S ALREADY SHREDDING AND COLLAPSING BEHIND US. NO WAY WE--
MADE IT! WE'RE SPLASHING THE RIM...OUT INTO NORMAL SPACE--
--BUT NOW COMES THE REAL TEST...

THE WORMHOLE'S SLASHED--AND BOTH EMDS JUST REVERTED TO NORMAL BLACK HOLES...
WITH ABRUPTLY RESTORED GRAVITY WELLS.
EXACTLY, STARCHILD!
AND THE ONE AT THIS END IS WORKING LIKE A BITCH TO SUCK US RIGHT BACK IN...
. ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE VICINITY!
SO THE QUESTION IS...EVEN WITH THE SHOCK WAVE'S BOOST, DO WE HAVE ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO OVERCOME THE EVENT HORIZON?
THAT'S THE QUESTION, ALL RIGHT, AND PAINT THE ANSWER BLEAK...
WE'VE BEEN JAMMED TO THE MAX SINCE I SCOOPED YOU INSIDE THE WORMHOLE--BUT WE'RE SLOWING DRASTICALLY NOW, LOSING THE TUG OF WAR!
IF WE COME FULL STOP, WE SLINGSHOT STRAIGHT BACK INTO THE HOLE--AND THEN WE DISINTEGRATE.

ALMOST HALTED NOW, NILE.
ANY HOPE AT ALL?
NONE THAT I CAN--
WAIT! MAYBE ONE LAST HOPE-- AND HOPE IT HARD, BABY!
HOPE NOTHING BIG HITS US--
--BECAUSE THERE GOES OUR ARMOR!
SHIP'S STRIPPED NAKED-- BUT--
YES! WE WE'RE ACCELERATING AGAIN. JUST BARELY, AND--
IT WORKED!
WE JUST BREACHED THE EVENT HORIZON!
WE'RE OUT OF THE GRAVITY WELL-- AND FLASHING FREE, DAMMIT, BOUND FOR ARCTURUS!


NEXT STOP...
INNER WORLD PRIMUS.
YEAH!
BORDERLINE HARROWING, NILE--BUT NOT BAD FOR A PLAN B.
"PLAN B"?
I FORGOT--THAT WASN'T REALLY YOU, WAS IT?
WHO WASN'T?
HE'S TALKING ABOUT OUR RIDE, NILE, THE YOU WHO LOST HER ROBOT HEAD--AND TALK ABOUT BIRTH-PAINS, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN US SQUIRM OUT OF YOUR TROJAN-BOD.
DO WE DISCUSS DETAILS, STAR-CHILD, OR DO I BITE MY TONGUE?
BRING IT ON, NILE...
...AND ALLOW ME.
WHOO.
GOGOGOGOGOGO

THE PRIVATE TESSERACT ESTATE OF SEBASTIAN STARCHILD, NINETEEN HOURS LATER:
NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT EARTH'S END AND THE ORIGIN OF ARCTURUS...WELL, WHATEVER YOUR DECISION, SEBASTIAN, I'LL UNDERSTAND.
DO YOU WISH TO RESIGN YOUR COMMISSION AS AN AGENT OF S.C.I.-SPY?
SEBASTIAN...?
LHRRR
WHEN I DECIDE, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW ...MOTHER.
THAT...THAT'S THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE SHORTENED MY NAME, SEBASTIAN, THE VERY FIRST TIME YOU'VE ACTUALLY CALLED ME--
EAT.
ROWF
CHOMP
SWALLOW.

GULMP
MOTHER-BANK OFF--ORB ON.
CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE, ORB?
WHERE THE HELL ELSE WOULD I BE ABLE TO HEAR YOU?
IF THE DAMN BEAST DEVOURED ME--AN INNOCENT BYFLOATER NO LESS--THEN I MUST BE IN THE DAMN BELLY OF THE BEAST.
SCHLAP
BUT MOTHERBANK'S GONE?
I TOOK THE BIG BITE AS A SUBTLE HINT TO CUT HER OFF.
CUT THE HOLOS TOO --I NEED PRIVACY TONIGHT.
YOU ALSO NEED ME, PAL.
QUIT BELLY-ACHING, ORB.
SOONER OR LATER, YOU'LL COME OUT JUST FINE.

NIGHT:
I'M EARLY, STARCHILD--SO WHAT'S WITH THE WRIST-WATCHER?
GOT IT ENHANCED, NILE.
OH?
WIZARD JUST INSTALLED A NEW MICRO X-RAY SCANNER AND IT WORKS LIKE A DREAM.
QUITE A SIGHT.
WHAT SIGHT WOULD THAT BE?
THE SIGHT OF YOU--NOT WEARING UNDERWEAR.
AH, BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU AND WIZARD ARE WRONG--BECAUSE I AM WEARING UNDERWEAR.
DAMN--MUST BE RUNNING AN HOUR FAST.
OHO.
GIVING YOU PRECISELY SIXTY MINUTES, WISEASS, TO PROVE IT.
AND IF I SHAVE IT TO SIXTY SECONDS?
MHMM... BONUS POINTS.
END